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Ertablished, 1853. F. W. Cook Brewing Co. seemors to Cook & Rice.

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Magnolia Balm

is a secret aid to beauty. Many a lady owes her fresh-

ness to it, who would rather not tell, and you can't tell.

Man and Beast,

Mustang Liniment is older than most men, and used more and more every year.

WAITING.

pave; We walt for the part as we battle the wave; "Tis walting forever from crudle to grave.

blow; Walting for Summer and flowers that grow; Waiting for Winter and swift-falling anow.

may Find rest on a calmer, a tappler 'ay. When age shall relieve from the worrying fray.

when choice are the pleasures the pathway burnels, There always is something to wait for the white.

Waiting in powerty, angulab and grief; Warring for Heaven to send us relief, Telling the heart that the trial is brief. Aye, waiting for joys that will never ap

Walling for volves we never shall hear: Weiting for moments that never are near. Walting when similar and worn in the strife, With position throbbless, the bosom is rife, Walting the dawn of a holler fite.

A SCARF-PIN'S STORY,

In Which It Exposes an Editor's

Weaknesses. On the editor's desk, littered with extracts, manuscripts, exchanges, notes, writing paper and those other trifles which give a newspaper office some-thing of its in-lividuality, there stands a round and sticky mucliage buttle with a rakish brush handle protruding from its gum-lined mouth like the mast of a pirate craft, which, by the way, it resembles in more ways than one. Around the base of this useful utensil there crept a nimble and inquisitive reach. Long acquaintance with newspaper of-fices—be had been in but one, but they are all alike-had made him fearless The editor was busy at his work, and minded him no more than he did the predatory shears and the other mute implements of the craft. Experience had taught him that when the editor was busy he paid no attention to roaches, and right he was. Few newspapers, indeed, recomponse an e iter for the time expended in killing roaches. He knew this, did this wise little brown-backed, multi legged ros.h, and he knew a great deal more, for not even a roach can live in a newspaper office without learning something. Therefore, when the fancy to travel and the opportunity in the shape of the towering height of the muchinge brush were presented to him he marched in that direcsented to him he marched it that direc-tion with a bravery that only comes with an immunity from dangerlong and certain. Up the glutinous sides of the bottle he slowly crawled, taking care not to adhere too closely to the glucy surface, and by dint of persecutance and industry he was soon rewarded by reaching the summ't of the timber.

Back of the bottle, facing the editor, stands a row of shelves, the depository of odds and ends gathered from everywhere and nowhere, piled in hapless confusion. In this mass of district there lies a metal scarf-pin, whose head is fashioned in the image of a roach—a queer, grotes-tie, pop-eyed, whinsical, Japanese roach. It was this that caught the insect's eye.

"What's that?" he remarked in surprise, for he fancied in his effotism that he knew all there was, so easy is it even for a roach to imitate his superiors.

The scarf-pin made no reply. After waiting a reasonable time for a response the little sightseer again observed, this time in a louder tone of voice:

"Hello, you there! Who are you?"

Becoming impatient and not a little yexed at the evident want of manners

vexed at the evident want of manners in his strange contemporary, the roach, with alacrity, retraced his steps, and in a few minutes he had mounted to the shelf where the searf-pin lay.

"Well," declared the insect, with a trace of pompousness becoming his long residence in the office, "I never saw you before. Been here long?"

"No," responded the scarf-pin in a hard, metallic voice, which was part of his nature, "not very long."

hard, metallic voice, which was part of his nature. "not very long."
"Well." replied the rouch, who was at heart disposed to be a gentleman, "I'm glad to see you anyway, although you weren't very cordial at first."
"No." answered the scarf-pin, apolo-getically, "I can't move my neck very easily. It is rather stiff, to tell the truth."

"No wonder," continued the roach hospitably, "you have been exposed to the draft. Come with me to my room under the inkstand. It is very cony

the draft. Come with me to my room under the inkstand. It is very cosy there."

"Can't," replied the pin stiffly. "I can't move without being lifted."

"Rheumalism?"

"No. I don't suffer any pain. I think it is an organic trouble."

"Ah!" mused the roach, knowingly, as if it understood what "organic" meant. He had learned that silence is often taken for wisdom, had this imitative little rogue. "Well, you needn't be afraid of him," continued the insect, pointing with one of his feelers to the busy editor. "He doesn't amount to anything. You ought to know him once. Why, do you know, he is a taief. He doesn't half earn his money. I heard the proprietor say so to the editor-in-chief just the other day. He cuts out strips of paper and then writes comments on them, which he thinks are funny. The proof-reader and I know better. Hyou ever want to know what an editor really amounts to just ask the proof-reader. He knows."

"You read his work, do you?" inquired the pin, with visible respect.

"Not I," returned the roach, with an air of enuit, mingled with "uperior residem." "No. 8th. We newspaper

"Not I." returned the roach, with an air of ennui, mingled with "uperior wisdom. "No, sir. We newspaper fellows never read what is printed in the paper. We leave that for the public. Then, again, he uses the shears until they ache and the paste brush is worn out with overwork. The only thing about the desk that has an easy time is the pen lives down with me under the inkstand and we often talk about him. He agrees with me exactly."

"I have no doubt you are right," replied the pia, politely.
"But where did you come from?"

"A girl bought me and gave me to him."

"Ahf" returned the roach, reflectively, "was she pretty?"
"No," responded the pin; "but," he added, with enthusiasm, "she was more than that. She was beautiful. So he than that. She was beautiful. So he thought, and so I thought too. You see, I had a chance to see a great deal of her very closely. He were me on his scarf. And when her face was bended over his and her eyes looked into his, I can tell you I nearly lost my own heart. Yes, 'continued the pin, after a short pause, 'I am expert on feminine beauty. I have, I may say without egotism, been greatly admired by the ladies. I have often been on exhibition in jewelers' windows and I hibition in jewelers' windows and have seen my share of the world. If have seen my surree of the world. If I had been made with two logs and arms instead of this long, golden pin, I feel that I would have been a very great swell. Indeed, I know I would."

"No doubt of it," observed the roach. "How long ago was this?"
"About a vear."

"About a year."
"Yes, I recollect it now," replied the "Tes, I reconcer is now, repred the insect. "He used to neglect his work at that time and wrote a great doal of what he called poetry, but it wasn't. My friend, the pen, said at the time it was such mawkish stuff in often used to make him sick, and one day he came nearly being discharged for having a poom about Pallits—whoever she was—set up instead of a joke about the ice-cream man. He also bought the ice-cream man. He also bought some hand-ome clothes and a tall hat some nand-one clothes and a lan nat-and he used to shave every day and wear gloves. The paper weight told me one day when I was out he saw him look at himself in a pocuet-mirror, and smile as though he was the most contented man—with himself in the

Well, how did it end?" "Well, how do it enar"
"Badly," replied the pin, with a sigh; "badly. One day she returned him his presents and went to Europe. I thought for a time he would go crasy do lars and ninety cents a dozen be-

from grief."
"I noticed it, too," answered the roach. "He used to sit down at the

few editors, have a sense of humor, but I think it must be broken off now. I haven't been worn for three months. and I believe she was married to a for-eigner, so the lamp on his dressing case told me, and it read the letter, I think.

told me, and it read the letter, I think.

Anyway I feel sorry for him."

"So do I." replied the roach, impulsively. "But he'll get over it. If he can only lose his temper with her and quit grieving, then he is safe. Well, I must be going now. Good-day. Much obliged to you for your information."

Then with a reckless haste the insect that decreas the editor." started across the editor's paper for the

"Confound these bugs," remarked the editor, crustily, as he picked up the paper weight and placed it heavily on the insect. "Every time I see one of them I am reminded of that hideons pin which, by the way, I must throw

away."
"I think," observed the scarf-pin to himself, with a little shudder, as the editor resumed his work, "that he is in a fair way to recover."—N. Y. Graphic.

How His Benevolence Rescued a Cobbi-From Despair, While It Secured Two Sample Cases for Himself - A Monstrous

"Nothing warms a man up on a cold day like a kind action," said the man who had just dropped a nickel in a bog-gar's hat, and telt a little sheepish over it.

"You've hit it fair in the eye," said a Chicago drummer; 'for I know how that is myself."

"You!" exclaimed both the others, in

"Yes, me. You mightn't think it, but I've made a few investments of that kind myself."

kind myself."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do; but I never had anything warm up my blood like one that happened in a little town in Kansaa, on one of the coldest days we had last winter. I was laid over there, and dropped into a shoe shop to have a little repairing done on a boot. The cobbler was an oldish man, with one of the saddest facea! ever saw outside of Milwaukee. When I went in he was sitting on his beach, with his face buried in his hands, crying fit to kill."

"What was he crying about?"

ied in his hands, crying fit to kill."
"What was he crying about?"
"That's what I was about to tell you.
The man's grief took right hold of me and made me feel all over in spots. I approached him kindly, and, in as soft a voice as I could muster, I inquired the cause of his woe. He told me he was ruined, that the savings of a lifetime had been swept away in a day, and his family were absolutely suffering for want of bread, and that too, at a time when every comforts seemed just within

when every comfort seemed just within grasp."

"Been speculating in grain, had he?"

"Oh, no; bless you, no. Nothing of the kind. He was quite a prudent man, and had lost his all in legitimate bisiness, as I managed to learn from him between sobs; though it took a good deal of questioning."

"How did it come about?"

"Well, it seemed that a young lady from St. Louis had been visiting the burg, and had left her measure with him and ordered a pair of shoes. He put into them every scrap of leather he had in the shop, but he didn't have quite enough, and they proved too small. She couldn't get them on, and they were consequently thrown back on his hands. All his capital being locked up in them the poor man was ruined. No wonder he was gloomy. He hadn't a dollar left to buy stock, and without leather his hands were idle, and he was obliged so sit still and hear his children cry for bread."

"And what did you do?"

"Why, there was only one thing that I could do, and I did it, and the reaction of the deed warmed me up so thoroughly that I didn't get cold again during the winter."

"hat was that?"

"Why, contlemen, I hought the shoes.

"Why, gentlemen, I bought the shoes, and set the poor old fellow up in business again. I never saw a man so thankful in all my life. He fairly went wild, and it was all I could do to keep him from hugging me. I needed some new sample trunks anyway, and I tell you they turned out to be just boss for that, though I probably get more cussing from baggagemen on account of 'sm than any other man on the road. Goodday, gents: I stop here. Be kind to the day, gents; I stop here. Be kind to the poor."-"Lige Brown," in Chicago Led-

-William Keanns, a Virginian, re-cently deceased, was the father of twenty-six children.

BAD FOR THE APPETITE.

"I haven't got but fifteen cents What can I get the most of for that amount of money?" inquired a somewhat seedy-looking man of a waiter a "Pork and beans," replied the youth

of white aprons and dude hair. "He'd better try soft-shell crabs," said McGough in an aside to a reporter who was liquidating in a two-fold sense, for a lunch. "There's nothing like soft-shell crabs for satisfying a man's hunger. I've seen men lose their appetite before they'd taken a mouthful

"And thereby hangs a tale?" said the "And thoreby hangs a tate?" and the reporter, inquiringly.

"You ought to have been in here and seen it, and you'd a-died a-laughing. I can't half tell it to you, but I'll do the best I can," responded McGough.

"It was the week of the races. A couple of young follows came in here, at these are the rate."

sat down at the table over there in the corner, and as the waiters were all bosy I went over to take their order. and one of them said: "Jim, did you ever eat any soft-shell

" 'No,' said the other; 'what are

they?' -'I dunno. Let's try 'em.' " 'All right.'
" 'Give us some soft shell crabs,' says

the biggest fellow to use.

"How many?" says I.

"He glanced at the other fellow, but didn't want to give himself away, so he

from grief."

"I noticed it, too," answered the roach. "He used to sit down at the desk and write while the tears stood in his eyes, and the editor said he did the best work he ever did. I have often noticed," continued the isse-t, wiselv, "that when air editor laughs as he writes the readers cry, but when he eries the public laugh. Funny, isn't it?"

"Yes." responded the pin, absentminisedly, for very few pins, like vory few editors, have a sense of humor, "but I think it must be broken off now. I haven't been worn for three monties, and I believe she was married to a forton the side of the side with the suppose I ought to have told them not much their order would cost, but 'twas none of my besiness—only ke fill the order and get my pay for it. I sized the follows up and made up my mind that they had got the money. They looked like a couple of farmer boys, but didn't have much hay-seed in their hair and wore store clothes. Anyway, I thought I'd take my chances. But for a ten-dollar note I wouldn't have carried those crabs over to the table. I sent them by one of the to the table. I sent them by one of the boys and got behind the ice-box, where I could laugh and keep an eye on them.

"Here! just look at the size of these crabs! Big as your head, every one of them! When the boy set a big platterful down in front of those two fellows, their eyes fairly bulged out. They stared at the platter and then at each other, but didn't say a word. Then they leaked around to say if anybody. they looked around to see if anybody was watching them, but I dodged be-nind the box.

"How much is the bill?" said the biggest fellow to the waiter. "The boy came to the bar and asked for a check. I ought to have charged them four dollars, but I didn't stab them hard; sent them a check for three-dollars and fifty cents. They stared at that harder than they had at the crabs, and they began to go down in their pockets. I guess it about cleaned them out, for they got down to nickels and pennies, but they paid like

"Not a crab! I was out there by the cigar case when they passed out, and aske! them to have a cigar."

EMPRESS CHARLOTTE.

A few miles from Lacken, the favorite residence of the King of the Belgians, stands the old Gothic castle of Bouchout at present the residence of the widow of the Emperor Maximilian. Not long ago comors were current that the Empress of Mexico had regained her reason, which she lost at the death of the unfortunate Emperor. These reports

More than eighteen years ago, when the Empress had first lost her reason a semblance of court life was carefully kept up around her. Receptions were regularly held, such as in former days brightened life at the old palace of Iturb de, in Mexico, and the respectful homage which was accorded to the poor Empress was perhaps more genuine than in her days of greatest splendor. than in her days of greatest splendor. The Empress herself went through the ceremonies with the same grace as of old, and after a certain number of people had gathered around her sne would thank them for coming to see the great Empress of Mexico, and then, rising from her stimulated throne, move toward the adjoining rooms, saying: "You wish, no doubt, to lay your tribute at the feet of his Ma esty the Emperor; I will go and find him."

Returning after a few minutes, she would say: "I can not find the Emperor, but he will see you as soon as he

would say: "I can not find the Em-peror, but he will see you as soon as he returns." With this she recommenced an animated conversation on the present situation and the brilliant future prospects of the Emperor, and, taking up his po trait, she exhorted him to rise higher and higher still, and not to strive for one, but for ten, twenty, nay, for all the crowns of the world. The courtiers, moved to tears by the pa-thetic scene, would bow low and tak their departure, upperceived by the ex-cited impress, who, after a while, would majestically sweep through the rooms, haughtily commanding imagi-nary pages to carry her trail. But the proud, hard look melted into sweetness and tenderness when on her daily walk through the grounds at Tervueren, where Empress Charlotte was then re-siding, her eyes followed the flight of

After the conflagration of Terveren the little court moved to Bouchout, and the Empresa has in the course of time become less excited. Some years ago it was one of her fancies to order a large number of elegant costumes, each of which required some thirty yards of material, having to be made Moxico fashion, with innumerable plaits. But when the sumptuous costumes were spread out the sumptuous costumes were

at Bouchout.

Several hours are spent every day at the piano, and as Em, reas Charlotte is berself a distinguished artiste, these written?—Boston Commercial Bulletis.

musical entertainments are highly ap

musical entertainments are highly ap-preciated by all. Fancy work is also one of the favorite occupations of the Empress, and her embroideries are said to equal those of the best Paris work-ers. While listening to the music, or busy with her needle, the Empress never utters a single word, but seems busy with her needle, the never utters a single word, but seems lost in thought, and it is very rarely that during her daily walks she breaks the silence. Sad and sorrowful, the manufacture of Mexico. once ambitious Empress of once ambitious Empress of Mexico spenis her monotonous days in the quiet castle, and the veil appears to be lifted only when on Sandays, during divine service, which she regularly at-tends, the voice of the organ is heard through the chapel. Then her soul seems transfigured, and a strange smile lights up the features of one of the most

HOW NOT TO DROWN.

unfertunate women of our century .-

Pall Ma'l Gazette.

Few Words of Advice from One Who Knows All About It. A Few Words of Advice from One Who Knows Ali About it.

Four years ago I was floating in the surfat Atlantic City, gazing up into the sky and thinking only of its beauties, when feeling somewhat tired, I essayed to stand up, but fa k-d for the very excelent reason that I had nothing to stand on. I had, without noticing it, stand on. I had, without noticing it, stand out beyond my depth. I am a very indifferent swimmer and make its every Sunday in 180 & x. Prayer meeting overy windifferent swimmer and make its every Sunday at 180 & x. Prayer meeting.

The Prayer preserve sunday at 180 & x. Prayer meeting overy wednesday evening.

MERIODIST—S. W. Corner thand Clay Sta. Rev. E. W. Bottoisley, paster. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school every Sunday at 180 & x. Prayer meeting overy Wednesday evening.

The Prayer Prayer Prayer weeting.

Figure Prayer Prayer Prayer weeting avery Wednesday evening.

Figure Prayer Prayer Prayer Reservershala—S. E. Corner Thand very indifferent swimmer and make it a rule not to venture into the water where I can not secure a foothold when I need one. Yet I found myself, not through any foolish venturesomeness, beyond the furtheest line of bathers. Of course I immediately struck out for shore. After swimming until I felt throughly exhausted I found that I had made very little progress, and I also discovered that the bottom of the ocean was too far beneatis me to be of any practical benefit as a basis of traveling. Now what would you do under such circumstances? Shout for help, you say: Exactly! That, I suppose, is what any well-conditioned sensible human being would do, and yot I found my elf actually ashamed to do it. I was positively morally weak enough to permit a consideration of what my fellow man would think of me to overpower the natural sense of self-preservation. I fancled that I might be

power the natural sense of self-preservation. I fancied that I might be laughed at for crying out for assistance before I was netually sinking beneath the waves, and so I struggled on until a sudden convulsive twitching in the calf of my left leg told me that I had a cramp. Then I shouted "Help" quite lustily and shouted thrice. Nobody heard me and nobody paid any attention.

and the state of the state of fear, I felt fully satisfied that I would never see them again.

Amanks to my good forts cool, else I would not be talking to you now. I was able to recognize on the shore the faces of people I knew, and, although I experienced no sense of fear, I felt fully satisfied that I would never see them again.

Now, by all recognized

never see them again.

Now, by all recognized rules and regulations, in such cases made and provided, the events of my entire life should have passed before me in instantaneous review. I'll guarantee that you never read a novel but what, when the here or villain is sinking beneath you never read a novel but what, when the hero or villain is sinking beneath the waves, he thinks, with lightning-like rapidity, of every act in his career. "And as Reginald felt the cruel waters closing above him, all the deeds of his life, both good and bad, passed before him as though a panorama was being moved by some magic hand." That is the way it generally reads, was know and that is what should have happened to me. But I am iconoclastic and cruel enough to say that I had no such experience. I found that my mind was absorbed with but one thought. the exclusion of all other sensations. I thought of absolutely rothing but of I thought of absolutely rothing but of getting ashore just as soon as possible. After my first unheeded cries for help I again felt a-hamed to call again, but ma le another effort at swimming. In my cramped condition I found this fruitless, and so I again cried out for assistance, but kept perfectly still in the water while I did it. Had I struggled I would have lost breath, and with it my life. My last shout was heard, I saw a sudden excitument on the beach. I saw men point their arms the beach. I saw men point their arms toward me. I saw others run into the the water. I saw a man bringing a coil of rope. I could identify the indi-viduals who were doing these things. I

watched them coming toward me and simply endeavored to keep as quiet as possible. In this way I managed to keep afteat until they got to me and dragged me to shore.

What I wish to demonstrate is that, the very poorest swimmer smong you is perfectly safe in the water if he only keeps cool and does not struggle when nothing is to be gained by such efforts.

—Phi/adelphia News.

A POPULAR DRUMMER.

The Great Feuts Perfermed by a Modest Traveling Man. "Greatest man to jump into a town and get acquainted with folks I ever "S-PEMBROKE-J. R. Penick, 2nd Saturdays. B. D. Lackey, 2nd Thursdays. 4—Longview-L. O. Garrott, 2nd Saturdays. and get acquainted with folks I over 4—LONGVIEW-L. O. Garrott, 2nd Saturdays. ing man. "Gife Jap a night and a day days. C. B. Fraser, 3rd Mondays. in a country place and everybody there would call bim by his first name, and leading the standard of the standard leading the standard he'd call everybody the same way, even Thos. Martin, 4th Saturdays. the girls. In forty-eight hours he'd know every man, woman, child, horse, dog and car in the town and could tell days. J. H. Durham, th Mondays. who married who, who got drunk once in awhile, and who had fits or rheumatics. Give him three days in a town and he'd have every bit of the gossip and old musty scandals that ever went were the scandals that ever went with the scandals who will be scandals that ever went with the scandals who will be scandals that ever went with the scandals who will be scandals that ever went will be scandals with the scandals will be scandals with the scandal will be scandals with the scandals will be scandals will be scandals with the scandals will over the back fences of that town down finer'n silk. He was a wonderful man, Jap was, and he coold sell goods like a

house a fire.

"The biggest thing he ever did, though, was bout four years ago. He had four hours to spend in a little town out in Western Iowa. In that time he sold two bills of goods, was invited to dinner by the Mayor, decided four bets,

when the sumptuous costumes were spread out before her, she turned her back distainfully on the dressmaker, murmuring: "I will not have them: they are not good enough for the great Empress of Mexico." Fortunately, the rejected costumes were bought up by the ladies of Brussels, often as a precious souvenir of the unbappy soveregn. Now all violence has ceased; receptions are no longer held, and the court circle consists only of the ladies of honor, belonging to the Belgian aristocracy, eight of whom in turn reside for a week at Bouchout.

—Count d'Estang (in despair)—"Sare, I am ruin. I have been—vat you call—swindle. I loan a compatriot all my money and he give his note. It is no good, and my compatriot he is—vat you call—bogus. Vat shall I do?" Heartless hotel clerk—"I am very, very sorry, Count. There is only one thing for you to do now." "Vat is that? Ah, sare, your kindness is too mooch. Vat do you advise?" "Hire yourself out as a French flat."—?hiladelphia Call.

—Scarlet stationery has been in-

DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT. Pirst Monday in March and September.
R. Grace.
I. Garnett Commonwealth's
J. T. Underwood
Ohn Boyd 8 QUARTERLY COURT.

W. P. Winfree. Judg. Fourth Monday in April, July, October and January. COUNTY COURT. Pirst Monday in each month.
W. P. Winfree Presiding Judg
E. G. Schree, Jr County Attorne
John W. Breathitt County Cler

HOPKINSVILLE CITY COURT.

days in each month.

HOPKINSVILLE, PUBLIC SCHOOL LIBRARY.—
Open on Tuesdays and Pridays, except during vacation, from 9a, m. to 4, p. m. Free to all pupils of the Hopkinsville Public Schools above the fourth year-grade. Annual fee, \$1 to all others.

C. H. Dixtuich.
Librarian.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

Curistian Lorige, No. 870, Knights of Honor.— Lorige meets lat and 3rd Tuesdays. Evergreen Lorige, No. 98, K. of F.—Meets & and 4th Thursdays in each month in Odd Fel-lows' Hall, corner Seventh and Main.

Endowment Rank, K. of P.—Meets 3d Morday in every month. Knights of the Golden Cross.-Meets first an third Fridays in each month. third Fridays in each month.

Ancient Order of United Workmen—Time meeting, 2d and 4th Tuesdays in each month. Green River Lodge, No. 54, I. O. O. F.—Meet every Friday night at I. O. O. F. Hall. Mercy Encampment, No. 31, I. O. O. F.-Lodge meets 1st and 3d Thursday nights. G. A. R.—Chas. L. White, Post. Maj. J. W Breathitt, Comd'r. Meets 3rd Monday nigh in each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

COLORED LODGES. Union Benevolent Society.—Lodge meets let and 2rd Monday evenings in each month at Hooser & Overshiner's Hall. Freedom Lodge, No. 75, T. B. F.—Lodge meets on 1st and 3d Tuesday dights at Postell's Hall. Hopkinsville Lodge, No. 1699, G. U. O. of O F.—Lodge meets 'hi and 4th Monday nights i Hooser & Oversbiner's Hall. Mystic Tie Lodge No. 1907, G. N. O. of F. Lodge meets ist and 3d Wednesday nights a Hooser & Overshiner's Hall.

Evening Star, No. 26, D. of 8.—Lodge magnetic and 4th Thursdays, Corner 8th and Mai District Magistrates' Court.

1.—HOPKINSVILLE.-A. H. Anderson, 4th Tuesdays. P. F. Rodgors, 3rd Saturdays.

3.—Mr. Vernon.—J. D. Steele, 4th Saturdays.
M. Z. Pritz, 3rd Thursdays. 13—Casky—N. G. Brasher, 4th Saturdays. W. E. Warfield, 3rd Saturdays. 13-STUART'S-Geo. H. Myers, 4th Thursdays Jesse Bass, 4th Wednesdays. 14-Wilson-W. D. Ferguson, 4th Tuesdays Geo. N. Johnson, 4th Saturdays. 15-CROPTON-M. B. Brown, 4th Fridays Jno. S. Long, 3rd Fridays. All of the Magistrates hold their regular quarterly courts in the months of March, June September and December.

COURT OF CLAIMS. The regular Court of Claims, composed of the County Judge, County Attorney and the Mag-strates above named, convenes 3rd Mondays a May and October.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONNITTEE.

Hopkinsville, city and district. Cashe M. Mascham, Sect'y, S. G. Buckner, R. W. Henry. district. R. W. Henry.
Casky-G. S. Bruwn.
Pembroke-V. A. Garnett.
Longylew-C. D. Hell.
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